

Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1915.

There are many avenues to success, but not
one of them is without bumps.

Will Fight for Ballot in Three States

THE woman suffrage amendment to the
New York Constitution will be submitted
to the voters of that State next November.
A similar amendment will be voted on in
Pennsylvania, unless all signs fall, and in New
Jersey also the capacity of women to take an
intelligent part in the conduct of government
will be put before the male electorate as a
jury. So, in three of the greatest and richest
of the Original Thirteen States votes for
women will be the big issue of the fall
election.

You can't make a man out of a woman,
avert Henry Watterson, and he is right; but
neither can you make a man out of a ballot.
All men vote, but all who vote are not men.
It is quite possible that a woman can decide
whom she wants to represent her without los-
ing any of her interest in the home and with-
out defeminizing herself in any other way.
As for mollycoddle voters, the woods are al-
ready full of them; better women who want
to vote than men who can't vote.

Women in Western campaigns have shown
an understanding of political method that
has been amazing. There is a sweep to their
plans for the Eastern fight that augurs suc-
cess. That they have a genius for politics
will be amply demonstrated.

The Pay Envelope Is Not Responsible

"BILLY" SUNDAY got hold of a funda-
mental truth when he told the women of the
Philomathean Club that the pay envelope
ought not to be blamed for the evil done by
men and women. But it is blamed. When a
bank clerk defects, and it is disclosed that
he was getting \$1200 a year while handling
millions, some shallow thinkers will ask,
"What can be expected if the banks do not
pay their clerks big salaries?" If they would
think a little deeper, or if they had memories,
they would know that bank presidents, draw-
ing large salaries, sometimes are defaulters
also. They would know that there are big
criminals and little criminals, according as
opportunity offers itself to the criminal in-
stinct; but that honesty does not depend on
the size of the salary.

Every one who goes wrong is willing to
shift responsibility to some one else, and cer-
tain sociologists have made it popular lately
to blame low wages when a girl lapses from
virtue. O. Henry has a famous story on the
subject that is as moving to the emotions as
it is false in morals. Hundreds of surface
emotionalists call it great. But the wrong-
doer who examines his own heart must con-
fess that he fell because he was weak. When
the test came he was a broken reed, and the
responsibility rests on his own head.

This is the kind of moral and political gos-
pel to preach if there is to be any great up-
lift.

Bangling by Amateurs

MR. WILSON'S address before the Cham-
ber of Commerce of the United States
justified Doctor Elliot's famous remark that
we are now governed by amateurs. When the
antitrust bill was before Congress the
President insisted that it be passed with those
provisions in it to which experienced busi-
ness men objected—hampering provisions, de-
liberately intended by the men who drafted
them to tie the hands of business and pre-
vent combinations formed in the interest of
economy and efficiency. The warnings of the
business men were unheeded and the bill is
a law.

And now the President tells an assembly
of business men that the very law, which
he was praising a few months ago as a char-
ter of liberty for the small manufacturer, is
defective because it will not permit a group
of men to unite their forces in pushing the
sale of their products in foreign countries.
Of course it is defective and it should never
have been passed.

The President has the good grace to admit
that he is learning and that he had never
before attended a school in which the oppor-
tunities for a liberal education were so broad
as those in the White House. But if he has
discovered that business men who opposed
his antitrust program were wiser than he,
why does he not listen to the wisdom of the
business men who now tell him that his ship-
purchase plan is worse than his antitrust
law? He may be learning, but he has not
yet learned enough.

Farm Boys Are Needed in the City

DELAWARE farm boys can do much
more than come to Philadelphia to work
as trolley car conductors and millhands, and
an improvement in the rural schools of the
State would have little effect upon the migra-
tion of the alert and ambitious to this city.
Yet the Delaware Commissioner of Education
has been bewailing the employment of the
boys here instead of on the home farms. He
ought to know that labor goes where there is
a demand for it, and he ought to be diplo-
matic enough to refrain from making any
invidious comparisons between different oc-
cupations. A trolley car conductor is as
worthy a citizen as a man behind the plow,
and a man running a machine in a mill is en-
gaged in the same kind of work as that which
engages a man turning a griststone in a
corn mill.

The Delaware boys who have the energy
and enterprise to get out into the world and
make their living where wages are good and
opportunities for advancement are
scarce, deserve so much credit as the boys
who stay on the farm and till the soil. Both

kinds of toilers are needed. The cities would
become stagnant if it were not for the in-
fusion of fresh blood from the inexhaustible
reservoirs of the country, and Delaware can
fulfill its mission if it sends every year sev-
eral hundred alert youth to this city. And its
public school should be so conducted as to
train the boys to hold their own with the
best when they do come here. The larger
Philadelphia grows the better demand will
there be for the products of the Delaware
farms, and the annual migration to this city
benefits both the folks who stay and those
who go.

Beware the Hands of Esau

IT WOULD not be fair to accuse Finance
Committee of Councils, or Mr. John P. Con-
nelly, the chairman of that body, or Mr.
Charles Seger, who has introduced a resolu-
tion asking Director Taylor to furnish infor-
mation which has been for months available
in his official reports and has been shouted
from house-tops day after day, of betraying
the interests of Philadelphia. For Finance
Committee must needs wait on its chairman
to be called together, and Mr. Connelly, as
chairman, must needs wait for the Control-
ler's report, and Mr. Seger must needs have
time to find out what every intelligent citizen
in town already knows.

There can be no March election now. There
can be an April election and subway construc-
tion this summer, however, if the obstruc-
tionists quit obstructing. Mr. Connelly has
the Controller's report. It may be assumed,
therefore, that his conscientious scruples will
not cause him further to hold Philadelphia
back, to penalize the citizens and continue for
an indefinite period the exchange ticket out-
rage. Mr. Seger, too, can get hold of Di-
rector Taylor's report at any time, and he and
other Councilmen who have not heard of the
transit plan, have a full two weeks in which
to master its contents, for it is very simple
and not at all intricate. So there is nothing
in the way of favorable action for an April
election, unless, of course, new bogeys are
discovered and new excuses for thwarting
the ambition of Philadelphia.

The people love to be fooled. The trickster
tricks them over and over again and they
rush to him with their votes just the same;
but that is because the people are credulous.
Once let them understand that they have
been duped and their interests traded off;
once let them see betrayal in its nakedness,
and they crush to smithereens the man who
has victimized them. There is a suspicion of
trickery about now; any further delay and
it will ripen into conviction.

Let there be no mistaking the facts. Citi-
zens are offered a universal five-cent fare and
quick transit between all parts of the city.
At the end of 30 or 50 years the entire new
system would belong absolutely to the city
and not a dollar would be owed on it.

The dilatory attitude of Finance Committee
means that thousands of citizens must be
muled in the sum of six cents the day more
than they ought to pay; that practically the
entire population must waste precious min-
utes in going to and from work, hanging on
straps; that Philadelphia must lag behind
other great cities and do without modern fa-
cilities.

The city is unanimously for rapid transit,
except for a few gentlemen who apparently
are strongly represented in Finance Commit-
tee. These few men inside stand up against
the hundreds of thousands outside who know
what they want and intend to get it. It is
an unequal fight. Sore-heads and hang-backs
are invariably crushed. Anti-Philadelphians
will do well to become pro-Philadelphians
in a hurry. There is work to be done and the
jugglers must get out of the way. The voters
have asked for a chance to vote, and they
intend to have it.

American Traditions Upheld

THE margin of victory was narrow, as an-
ticipated, but the House yesterday upheld
the President's veto of the immigration bill,
with its restrictive literacy test. A snobish
policy at its best and a vicious one at
its worst, the spelling-book test will not be-
come an American principle. The best of
our traditions has been upheld and the door
of opportunity is still open to men and women
of character who wish to avail themselves
of it.

Discovering Cornmeal

THE war in Europe is likely to teach the
Europeans the value of cornmeal as
human food. The demand for it has already
boosted the price of corn in the American
markets, and is likely to boost it still higher.
This is unfortunate for the domestic consum-
ers of corn bread and boiled mush, but there
will be compensations. After the war is over
the Europeans who have eaten corn and
found it good will continue to eat it, and the
fields of waving corn on the American farms
will be transformed into gold mines. The
yellow kernels will glint with the real lustre
of wealth.

But even though cornmeal is dearer than it
was a few weeks ago, it is still cheaper than
wheat flour. Necessity may teach some
Americans that they can reduce the cost of
living, even now, by using more cornmeal.
And that will be another form in which the
compensation will manifest itself.

Seven Little Sisters and now Seven Little
Senators.

One of the compensations of a snowstorm is
that it provides work for the unemployed.

Eggs are so expensive that it takes two or
three quarts of wheat to buy a dozen of them.

There is a real emergency when men are
out of work and it requires real money to
help them.

It is all right to wage war on Canada, but
the United States is not a good place from
which to do it.

When she has an art so perfect that you
cannot tell if from nature, why should Emmy
Destin seek to be naturalized?

That Russian girl who has been in 13 bat-
tles is a close rival of the American summer
girl who survives 20 engagements.

ON THE BATTLE LINE OF RICH AND POOR

Both Sides Met Before a Commission.
They Were Mother Jones and a
Young Millionaire—The Original
Closed Shop Discovered.

By VANCE THOMPSON

Day after day the battle went on. It was a
soft, slow, unurgent fight, as though all men
knew it began in the beginning of days and
would go on to the end of days. There was
no hurry, for this was the eternal battle
between the Haves and the Want-to-Haves.
And so men saluted each other
courteously, as in a leisurely Hundred-
Years' War, and put up their swords at
noon, and then went to the office again in
the afternoon. But all the same it was
war.

Will you look on for a moment? Possibly
in this casual way you may get at the real
significance of what is called (rather pom-
pously) the United States Commission on In-
dustrial Relations.

It began, I believe, when Congress was
petitioned to investigate the labor troubles
of the ironworkers. Before the slow-moving
statestmen got their law passed that
trouble had been dynamited into prison, so
the commission was loosed upon an ampler
investigation of labor and the men who
labor. It went forth.

To make an inquiry
into their real condition,
and find a remedy for their ills and discon-
tent. Therefore the Eight Inquisitors sit in
the pale Colonial room of City Hall, New
York, in a dignified semicircle, hedged off
from the awed spectators. To the left is a
high-backed chair wherein Big Money sit-
ting uneasily, is put to the question.

Look at the Inquisitors.

Big Men Don't Abash Walsh

In the center sits the chief. He is Frank
P. Walsh, an Irish-faced man of 40, with
red hair and a free Western manner, a law-
yer. It is a plain and evident matter that
he has a heart. Little indignations quiver
in his voice when he speaks of the Poor
Man who has been mutilated in the mills
of toil. Withal the Rich Man does not abash
him. You may picture him lolling back in
his big chair, his hands clasped at the back
of his head, his elbows pointing north and
south, a smile on his shrewd, kindly Irish
face, as he glowers shortsightedly through
his glasses at the Rich Man. At his left sits
a gray, alert old man of toll, Lennon, the
treasurer of the American Federation of
Labor. He eyes the Rich Men warily as
they come and go and keeps it may be
habit and not a precaution—a tight grip on
his watch chain.

Next to the laborer member sits Mrs. Har-
rington, the only woman on the commission.
She is dressed in widow's weeds. The hat is
curious and amazingly effective. It is flat
and angular and the crepe falls in straight
lines down either side of the face. You have
seen something of the kind in old Venetian
pictures, and indeed it is to a medieval pic-
ture that the beautiful, clear-eyed, patrician
face rightly belongs. To her right sits Mr.
Weinstock, a California merchant. He is in
a revolving chair, so that he can turn his
back on the lady and look out of the window
or turn his back on the lady and talk
cheerily to the lady; thus hour after hour he
swings between the two like a pendulum.

Round to the chairman's left are four com-
missioners: O'Connell, a grizzled and drowsy
looking (but that is only his way) man of
labor; Ballard, a Kentucky manufacturer, a
gray and steady man, who sat hour after
hour, his chin in his hand, pondering; Gar-
retson, an old conductor with a fine bony
head, rimmed with gray hair, who studied the
Rich Man with cold, unblinking eyes; and
last of all, Professor Commons, of the Uni-
versity of Wisconsin, who is expected to
write the report of the commission. Him you
may picture as a small dark man, wholly
alive, expectant, as every self-respecting pro-
fessor should be, with a strong, eccentric face
made fine by habits of thought.

These, then, are the Inquisitors.

Mother Jones

They face a dark, crowded, silent audience
that fills the pink curtained room. Doubtless
many there are eminent. You need only look
at that obscurely celebrated old woman,
Mother Jones, of Colorado. She is dressed in
the decency of black serge, with white lace
at the throat, and is altogether a radiant and
winsome heroine—even the Rich Man looks
upon her without disapprobation.

And what have they done?

What does a commission with a pompous
title usually do?

They have talked. Day after day, leaning
back in his chair—his elbows squared
over his head—Chairman Walsh has asked
questions. So doing he has done (as he
would say) his "duty." The chairman was
very fond of that word, and said a great
deal about the duty of Capital and the duty
of Democracy and other solemn duties. At
first the Rich Men who were put to the ques-
tion took refuge in pragmatism. Mr. Schiff
and Mr. Guggenheim had theories, based
largely on the German system of doing
things.

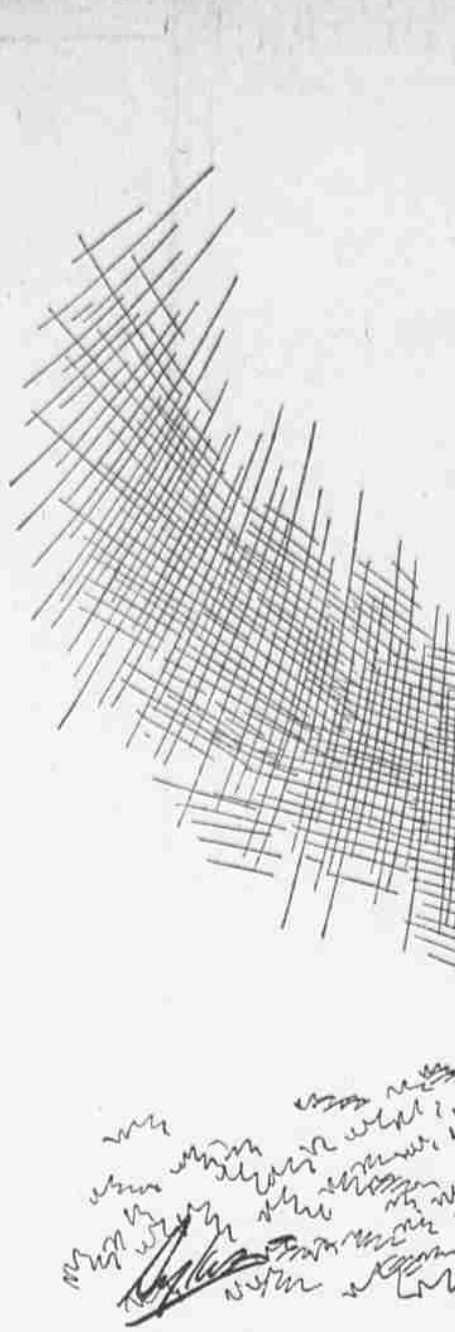
Mr. Ford, who manufactures automobiles,
I think, was anything but pragmatic. He
fired a shot that—with the less momentous
one fired at Lexington—has rung round the
world. He made one of those amazing state-
ments that make men sit up and think—
make them stand up and cheer. I do not be-
lieve there is a newspaper in the world, East
or West, that has not printed his declaration
that he could (and given the chance would)
take every prisoner in Sing Sing and employ
him profitably at a good wage in his factories.
It knocked the wind out of the criminologists.
It set the reformers thinking. It made the
right old crime hunters gasp. And perhaps
there was in it the germ of a new and
rational treatment of the convicts of our
thousand prisons and jails. That may be;
but one thing is sure, if Mr. Ford is not
careful he will get himself talked about—
and his automobile factory, too.

All this was skirmishing.

A Man You Can't Define

The real battle was fought when Mr. J.
D. Rockefeller, Jr., was called to the stand.
You have heard of Fabius—Mr. Rockefeller is
a great general along Fabian lines. Withal
he is an interesting personality—a most
curiously interesting personality. I do not
think I have ever studied a man of whom
it is harder to say "He is this" or "He is
that." There are no angles that define him.
You are looking at a cool, smooth surface.
He is as the physical man goes the chief
note is one of inconspicuousness. He is one
of those men you never remember having
seen, because you have seen a thousand just
such men. He is neither tall nor short, nor
stout nor thin. He is normal. He is the aver-

HERE'S HOPING



PANCHO VILLA IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DIAZ

Mixed Qualities in the Character of the Famous Ex-Bandit, Who Figures
Anew as the Man of Destiny in Muddled Mexico.

PANCHO VILLA, who on several occasions
has maintained that he would rather be
right than President of Mexico, is at last
President—in the guise of a dictatorship. In
his life he has played many parts. Fugitive,
bandit, leader of a cause, warrior, dictator—
the annals are briefly told. Less than two
years ago, the story runs, he slipped out of
El Paso on a borrowed horse, with a revolver
in his belt and seven dollars and a half in
his pocket.

"Will he ever sit in the presidential chair?"
was the question of 1914. There is yet no an-
swer, but he is still the big figure in Muddled
Mexico, still hailed by not a few of its people
as "the man of the hour." Strange things
have happened below the Rio Grande, as
those who are familiar with the history of
Porfirio Diaz know; and stranger things may
yet happen. Villa is following the path that
Diaz trod—how far therein will he go?

And the Chief Inquisitor went to him.

Such a Duel of Wits

It was evident that Mr. Walsh was a keen
and expert cross-examiner; it was evident
that he was thoroughly familiar with the
dark and tragic labor wars in Colorado and
with the Rockefeller Foundation and with
all the multiple Rockefeller affairs; it was
evident that his heart was in his work.

Well?

He thrust and hacked and hawed, he
coaxed and cooed in his Irish voice; he dou-
bled and turned and twisted; he tried irony
and elaborate politeness; he affected wear-
iness and incredulity; and nothing happened.

Always in front of him was the cool smooth
surface of a politeness blander than his own—
a deadly defense that he could not pierce. It
was an astounding thing. I have seen many
great men—giants—face an inquisition in
court or in Parliament; but I have never seen
so calm and deft and triumphant a witness
as J. D. Rockefeller, Jr. It was not an intel-
lectual exhibition. There was nothing intel-
lectual about it. What was in it was some-
thing rarer and subtler and more indescrib-
able. You might think of it in terms of
sword play, but there was no apparent effort
—no flash—no clank of steel. I think Mr.
Walsh's feeling must have been that of a
man without hands in front of a locked door.
He couldn't get in.

It was not that Mr. Rockefeller refused to an-
swer. He answered every question with grave
politeness, with ample explanations, with po-
litely worded qualifications, with an evident
care to answer with scrupulous exactitude;
only, when he was done you suddenly realized
that he had left the matter exactly
where it was when the question was put. He
was so entirely master of himself that he
was inevitably the master of the commis-
sion. Now it is not an easy thing to face for
days a skilled and earnest cross-examiner,
to answer him fully, elaborately, with unflin-
ing readiness, and yet never for one moment to
say anything but what one has determined to
say.

I have never seen it done before. And
therefore I say that behind the cool, smooth
surface of that Rich Man—that youngish
man who has raised inconspicuousness to an
art—there must be a strange kind of power.
I do not know what it is. It may be Will—
and a trained Will is a formidable thing.

What Will Come of It?

And what does an inquisition of this sort
amount to? What will Professor Commons
put in his scholarly report?

There has been a lot of abstract talk about
the psychology of labor, benevolent absolu-
tism and uplift; there have been certain and
concrete facts about the deeply entrenched
lives of certain miners; there have been dis-
quieting discussions about huge, overtopping
fortunes that are (an Irish voice intimates)
trying to buttress themselves up on charity
foundations; but talk of this sort has never
changed anything. Reports to Congress do
not usually work miracles.

Yet I do not think the inquisitors have
wasted their days. You may remember a
statement, which is possibly historical: "Now
there were two men in one city; the one
rich, the other poor." The United States
Commission on Industrial Relations has
brought those two men face to face; out of
the wary eye-searching good may come.

And one thing more. I have discovered—
I give you my proud word for it—the original
Closed Shop.

It is J. D. Rockefeller, Jr.

LIFE

Forenoon and afternoon and night—Forenoon,
and afternoon, and night—Forenoon, and—
what?

The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yes, that is life: make this forenoon sublime.
This afternoon a pause, this night a prayer.
And then is conquered, and thy crown is won.
—Edward Newton Hill

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WHISKY IS A POOR PILOT

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—I desire to take exception to your edi-
torial in today's paper headed "Whisky is a
Poor Pilot," in which you make the assertion
that the Board of Commissioners of Navigation
have decided to revoke the licenses of Delaware
River pilots who get drunk. The question of
pilots being intoxicated has not been taken up
by the Board of Commissioners of Navigation,
according to the secretary, with whom I con-
ferred this morning, nor have the commissioners
passed any regulations concerning this ques-
tion. The law of 1903 provides that should a
pilot become intoxicated while in charge of a
vessel he shall for the first offense lose his li-
cense for the period of 12 months and for the
second offense be forever afterwards deprived
of his license; therefore such action as you
claim the commissioners took yesterday is un-
founded. I consider your editorial most un-
fair to a body of men consisting of 76 pilots,
the majority of whom do not use liquor to any
form.

JOHN B. VIRDEN,
President of the Pilots' Association,
Philadelphia, February 3, 1915.

[The Evening Ledger had no intention of
being unfair to one of the most courageous bodies
of men in the community when